1:Spier E-5 (1918) 1928
NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

439 The rate paid by the Navaho is probably abnormally high as their demand for foodstuffs exceeded their ability as refugees to pay.

Trade was not solely in the hands of the Havasupai. The abundant harvest and the attendant dances in the canyon provided a strong incentive for visiting and trading, especially to the Navaho and Walapai. The Walapai also traded directly with the Hopi of Oraibi. Journeys to the Walapai for visits, dancing, and trading, were frequent. On the whole, trading was incidental to other pursuits, and, considering the relatively small amount that changed hands, was little more than an exchange of presents and the profits of gambling.

177 439 648 554 Trade visits, etc., provide an effective mechanism for culture exchange. But more particularly participation in intertribal relations and the acquisition of knowledge of the foreigner's ways reacts to a man's credit. It is clear that a man's prominence is enhanced in this way, and may even become the basis for recognition as a chief.

202 Columns of smoke are raised from time to time by traveling parties to attract attention or to signal friendly intentions. This is evidently customary among all the tribes of this region (see pp. 371, 379).

[439] 648 The following account indicates the type of casual visit for the purpose of trade. It is clear, however, that gain is not the chief interest.

484 722 When I [Sinyella] was four feet high the Yavapai liked to come to this place to fight; they killed so many every time. My relatives were afraid on this account and they wanted to go to stay at Oraibi where there were many men. So we went and there I played with the Hopi boys and learned the Hopi language.

224 484 648 This was the very first time I made a trip to Oraibi. We started from the village to go up by Tovõkyóvá [the dry bed of a waterfall, Lee Canyon] and camped in a little cave nearly at the plateau. There were a good many people with us. They said among themselves, "We would like to go out and hunt for mountain sheep. If we kill some we will eat them," and others agreed. In the morning all the men went hunting on the plateau to the west. When the sun was halfway down in the sky we heard someone holler from the hilltop in that direction. They shouted, "One man has fallen down the white cliff and has been killed." Then all the hunters came home and told us. "They found a flock of mountain sheep. There were several rams with them. One of the men shot a very big one with an arrow, and the other sheep, the big ones, ran off. The wounded ram jumped part way down the white cliff, and ran along a very narrow ledge. Two men jumped down from rock to rock and along the ledge, following him. The ram stopped at the abrupt end of the ledge. My father and Jess' grandfather followed the ledge. The ram turned toward the men and ran fast at them: he held his head down sideways. My father stood right against the wall; the other stood right on the edge. There was not room enough; it was very narrow there. The ram butted Jess' grandfather off the cliff to the bottom. The ram stood right there, until all the others came and killed it, and then it too fell down the cliff at the same place. So we all came down the Tovõkyóvá trail and went around into the canyon where we found the man at the bottom of the cliff. We carried the body away, dug a

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hole, and buried him.[1] Then we all went back to the camp and the next morning we went on. 484 648

At that time we did not have many horses to ride; perhaps our family had only one. We just kept walking along. I do not remember exactly where we camped. I know we camped above Dripping Springs [west of Grand Canyon Station], where we stayed two nights. Then we set off again and got to Long Jim Canyon [east of the station], where there are big caves in which we camped one night. Next day we got to Hagáśuvád'i [Hance's Ranch, east of Grand View] and the next day we camped at I'i'má'hwa'áhá [Deer Tank, to the north of Coconino Basin]. The next morning we went on down to the bench above Hagáśeť'lá [Little Colorado River] and along it up the canyon. We stopped that night at Tatá'áhà, where we found a lot of Paiute. We stayed with them for two or three sleeps. Then one morning we continued up along the bench to its end [?] where the Navaho Bridge is now; we went up a little further and crossed the Little Colorado. We climbed up on the red bench on the other side and camped at Wihwátágil'lá (red pinnacles). Next morning we went up the slope toward the east. When on top we made pretty good time traveling and got close to Oraibi. This camp was at K'eyúdlgà (gulch). Next morning we went on and reached Oraibi about midday.

All the Hopi came out to see us. They said in their language, "It is very good to bring the women and children with you. We are glad to see you." We went into Oraibi and each of our families took up quarters with friendly Hopi. The Hopi said, "It was pretty good of you people to come to see us. Do not go away soon; stay with us a long time. That is what we like." I think it was about harvest time; the Hopi were gathering their corn. The Hopi wanted the Havasupai to go with them and gather their corn; so they did so. I was a little boy and I played about with the Hopi boys. 648

We stayed at Oraibi a long time: I think, until it snowed. When it was very cold, we started back. We stopped at Wihwátágil'lá for a little time. Again we moved back across the Little Colorado, but not by the same road; this time a considerable distance above. We came out to the west on top of a high mesa, Amád-l^{a}nyuínyá (antelope trail). When we were a little way to the west of this, we stayed in a big cave in another canyon, Waigátídà. We stayed at this place a pretty long time. When snow lay on the ground we hunted rabbits. We stayed nearly all winter, until there was only a little snow left on the ground; then we came right along. At each camp we stayed for two or three sleeps. At that time the trail came by the north side of Wigàdáwi'sá [Red Butte]: this was the road we followed. We got to Ha'apu [Rain Tank] where we stayed a long time again. Again we moved toward home: we stopped to camp at Huwaťádjahwílá [Little Red Rain Tank]. Next morning we came on and got to Huwaťáśàldivà. Here some said that they wanted to go down into Grand Canyon onto the red bench. So they went down Padjínyáhamõ [man's trail, i.e., Bass's trail] where their home was. My father and some other men just kept coming along the rim of Grand Canyon and along the rim of this one, to Lee Canyon where we camped for several days. Then a lot of our people came down that canyon wanting to go to the village. Some of the others wanted to go down on to the red bench in Cataract Canyon. My father and an old woman took their families along the bench. We followed down that canyon which runs westward from the 484

[1] At this time it was customary to burn the dead; they are now buried.

1:Spier E-5 (1918) 1928
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484 point of the plateau to where our home was on the red bench. Then we gathered mescal and roasted it in a pit. That was pretty good for me; I ate plenty. I was a long way off and felt pretty bad, and when I got back, I was glad. When I was out of my country over at Oraibi, I thought all the time that I would like to be home, so I felt pretty glad when I got home.

[648] After I was home a little while that first Yavapai raid occurred.

War

721 Warfare among the Havasupai was chiefly defensive, for they numbered too few to carry on effective offensive operations. However, they made raids against their nearer enemies from time to time.

648 [196] Their traditional enemies are the Yavapai and the associated western groups of White Mountain and Tonto Apache. The tribal designation for the first is in fact also the generic term for enemy, *ɨtcahud*. They were intermittently hostile to the Navaho, with whom they seem to have come but infrequently in contact until the Navaho were forced westward in the middle of the nineteenth century. Thereafter they were usually inclined to be friendly. Their relations with the Paiute were similar. These people were sometimes encountered along the lower Little Colorado, but more frequently they were met in hostile engagements in their own territory north of the Colorado. They were probably fought with no more than were the Navaho, but this seems largely to be due to their inaccessibility. The friends of the Havasupai were the Hopi and of course the Walapai, with whom they maintained steadfast amicable relations. Oraibi figures in the tales as a sort of neutralized trading station, with its inhabitants strongly biased in favor of the Havasupai, or at least so the latter thought. The concerns of the Walapai were always those of their eastern relatives, who joined them in raids on the Paiute and who vicariously shared their enmity for the Mohave. Other tribes were too far away for conflict.[1]

726 722 Raids into Cataract Canyon, which make up the largest part of their hostile relations, were made by the Yavapai with their Apache associates and on rarer occasion by the Paiute. The raiders would suddenly appear in the village at dawn. This gave them the advantages of surprise and a long period of daylight in which to make good their escape. At the first alarm the women and children scattered, climbing up the cliffs to hide among the rocks on the red sandstone bench. Some men, at least, would fly with them, until an effective skirmish line could be formed to repel the invader and recover their booty, chiefly horses—

[1] I believe Mooney must be mistaken in identifying the Havasupai with one of the groups raided by the Kiowa. (e), 165.

2:Iliff Y-6 (ca. 1901) 1954 NT14 Plateau Yumans NT14
Havasupai

CHAPTER NINETEEN

The Day the Mail Did Not Go

At four o'clock one morning I was awakened by a loud pounding on my bedroom door. Miss Goenawein was calling excitedly, "Miss Gregg! Miss Gregg! Come here—hurry!"

I sprang out of bed, shoved my feet into slippers, pulled on a robe and ran to her room. There in the open doorway stood Spoonhead, the mail carrier, the mail pouch clutched in his hand. His long, queer head looked more than ever like the bowl of a spoon as I stared at him, wondering what mischief he had cooked up to get me out of bed at this hour.

His pony stood in the yard, bridle rein dangling. The saddle was decorated like a Christmas tree with Spoonhead's numerous bundles: food for himself and his horse, extra clothing for the cold nights on the mesa, and those mysterious knickknacks he took on such trips. I did not notice the absence of the large, red Navaho blanket he always carried neatly rolled and strapped to the back of his saddle, until he began gesticulating wildly and shouted, "My blanket! He steal 'em. He go there." He pointed to the base of the canyon wall.

There I saw a short, heavy-set Indian with a blanket thrown across his shoulders, crouched low, running stealthily from bush to bush, seeking cover for escape. In the dim light we caught only fleeting glimpses of the man. I could not understand why Spoonhead did not give chase and try to retrieve his property.